But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe;
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Beſides that a Kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduers party want:
Vp with my tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden ſeat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue miſtaine his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this moſt needfull ſcrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.
Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me ſome Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Cat.

Cat. It is ſix of the clocke full ſupper time.
King. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome Inke and paper,
What is my Beauer eaſier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent.
Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are in readineſſe,
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesby.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his ſonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melancholy L. *Northumberland*?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and himſelfe,
Much like Cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army chering vp the ſouldiers.
King. ſo I am ſatisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midſt of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I ſay. *Exit Rat.*

Enter Darby to Richmond *in his tent.*

Dar. Fortune and victory ſit one thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can aford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good